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Northern Messenger

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The Quality of Mercy.

The best he could hope for was dismissal. To be allowed to go out of the office alone, disgraced, branded—this would be a mercy and forbearance. What limited another's fears was his hope; but then he had the dock in prospect, the curt and irritable magistrate, the penalty of embezzlement, the unending shame of the jail. Or perhaps the First Offenders' Act would return him to the hardened faces and condemning eyes of his world, a marked man, an offense against his class, a traitor to his family and friends.

Waiting in the ante-room till the senior partner should be ready for him, George Hanbury clenched his fists till the palms bled under his nails. He was ready to face his doom and to take what he had earned, if he could but have taken it alone. Since the discovery of his defalcations had become inevitable, and during the awful two days that had elapsed since the discovery itself had taken place, he had realized, blindingly, vividly, the responsibility for the happiness of others which depends upon every man. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters! This struck at them all; this was aimed at their home, at the completeness of their lives and the root of their self-respect and happiness. His head swam as the picture of their misery, when the news should reach them, took shape in his mind.

Alone he could have borne it. He had himself in a tight hold. Two days before the manager had sent for him, and he found him with certain books open on his desk.

'Can you explain this?' the manager had asked, pointing to a page.

Hanbury looked, and knew at once that the blow had fallen.

'No, sir, he answered, quietly.

'Nothing to say?' queried the manager, closing the volume.

'Nothing at all,' was the quiet answer.

'Very well,' said the other. 'Mr. Burns will have to hear of this. Go back to your work.'

Then elapsed two days of terrible punishment. His fellows among the clerks knew nothing, and it cost a strong effort to keep a calm face in their midst and so escape remark. He was awaiting sentence from Mr. Burns, who came down to the office only occasionally, and whose very remoteness from the daily life of the business seemed to Hanbury to add another terror to his position.

The door of the inner office clicked, and the manager came out. Hanbury rose to his feet, biting his lip. The manager looked at him, gravely.

'Go in,' he said.

Hanbury entered. Old William Burns was sitting at a table. He was an old man, white haired, with a chin and cheek hidden in a fluff of white beard. Keen gray eyes looked out from under heavy brows; his face bespoke strength and resolution, but there was nothing of harshness in it. It was very grave, now, and perhaps sad; but not hard nor vindictive.

They looked at one another in silence for a moment, the strong old man who had succeeded, and the young man who had failed.

'I have been hearing details of an embezzlement which you have committed,' said the old man slowly. There was a country burr in his voice; Hanbury noted it with an odd sense of having expected it. 'I understand you make no defense?'

Hanbury found his voice with an effort. 'None, sir,' he answered.

'And you know what you have incurred by this crime?'

Hanbury nodded, gulping.

'Very well,' said the senior partner, 'if you know that, we need not say any more about it. I shall not send you to prison.'

He waited for Hanbury to speak, but the young man could say nothing.

'If I permit you to return to your work, and to gradually refund the money you have misappropriated, shall I be safe? Can I so trust you?'

The clerk started and looked up. Old William Burns was watching him wistfully. 'Sir,' stammered the young man, 'I promise—I swear ——' His voice failed him, and he struggled with rising hysteria.

'Very well,' said the senior partner, rising and speaking very gently, 'we will consider that arranged. No word of it will be said again by anyone.'

He held out his hand and Hanbury grasped it, feverishly.

'You are the second man who fell and was pardoned in this business, Mr. Hanbury,' said the old man, in a low tone. 'I was the first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all.'

They shook hands upon it, the two men who had been spared.—'The British Weekly.'

Life of World-wide Service.

To those who, eighty-four years ago, looked at the sightless little baby, made so at the age of six weeks through the mistaken treatment of some simple eye trouble, how unlikely would it have seemed that her name, the name of Fanny J. Crosby, would become a household word all over the English-speaking world, and that thousands upon thousands would find spiritual comfort and uplift through her simple Gospel Songs! Yet so it was to be, and now as this honored servant of the Master nears her eighty-fifth birthday (March 24), many churches and Sunday-schools are planning to pay their tribute of grateful appreciation by observing Sunday, March 26, as 'Fanny Crosby Day,' using her hymns for all the services, and devoting some time to the subject of hymns and their wonderful influence in the history of the Christian Church.

It would be well if the attention of the young were more often directed to the authors of the hymns they are learning to love. Surely these men and women who have conferred so great a boon on the church deserve to be kept in grateful remembrance. Not only so, but often a little knowledge of the personality behind the hymn deepens our appreciation of the words, and enables us to enter more fully into the feelings they express.

This is emphatically true of her whose work we have now in mind. Fanny J. Crosby was born in the State of New York, March 24, 1820. Stone blind from her infancy, she was sent, at the age of twelve, to the Institution for the Blind in New York City, where for seven years she pursued her studies, and afterwards taught for eleven years in the same school. In 1858 she married Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician, a teacher in the same institution, and like his gifted wife, blind also.

Mrs. Van Alstyne retained, as her pen name, the one that she had been known by from her

girlhood, so that to all but her personal friends she remains Fanny J. Crosby. It is estimated that she has written some eight thousand hymns, some of which have encircled the globe and been translated into the language of most missionary lands. To-day in Central Africa, dark faces, lighted up with the joy of hearts made white through him who tenderly leads these 'other sheep also,' are raised to heaven in earnest prayer; while lips but lately used only to heathen chorus, sing 'Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour.'

As might be inferred from so large a number of hymns, not all possess the same literary excellence—some in fact might be justly criticized from an artistic standpoint, yet some of the weakest in form have proved the most popular and have rapidly sung themselves into the hearts of men. The spontaneity with which the heart of the author has expressed itself argues a nature overflowing with trust and joy in the Saviour, and it is, without doubt, this spirit behind the words that has made them so acceptable to the avaerge individual.

It is said that some of Mrs. Van Alstyne's hymns were written very rapidly, at the urgent request of the composer of the tune who waited for the words to be finished. This was the case with 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus,' which was composed in about twenty minutes for Mr. Geo. Doane, who played over the tune as he was waiting to go to his train, and said, 'Fanny, I want words for that—write me some.'

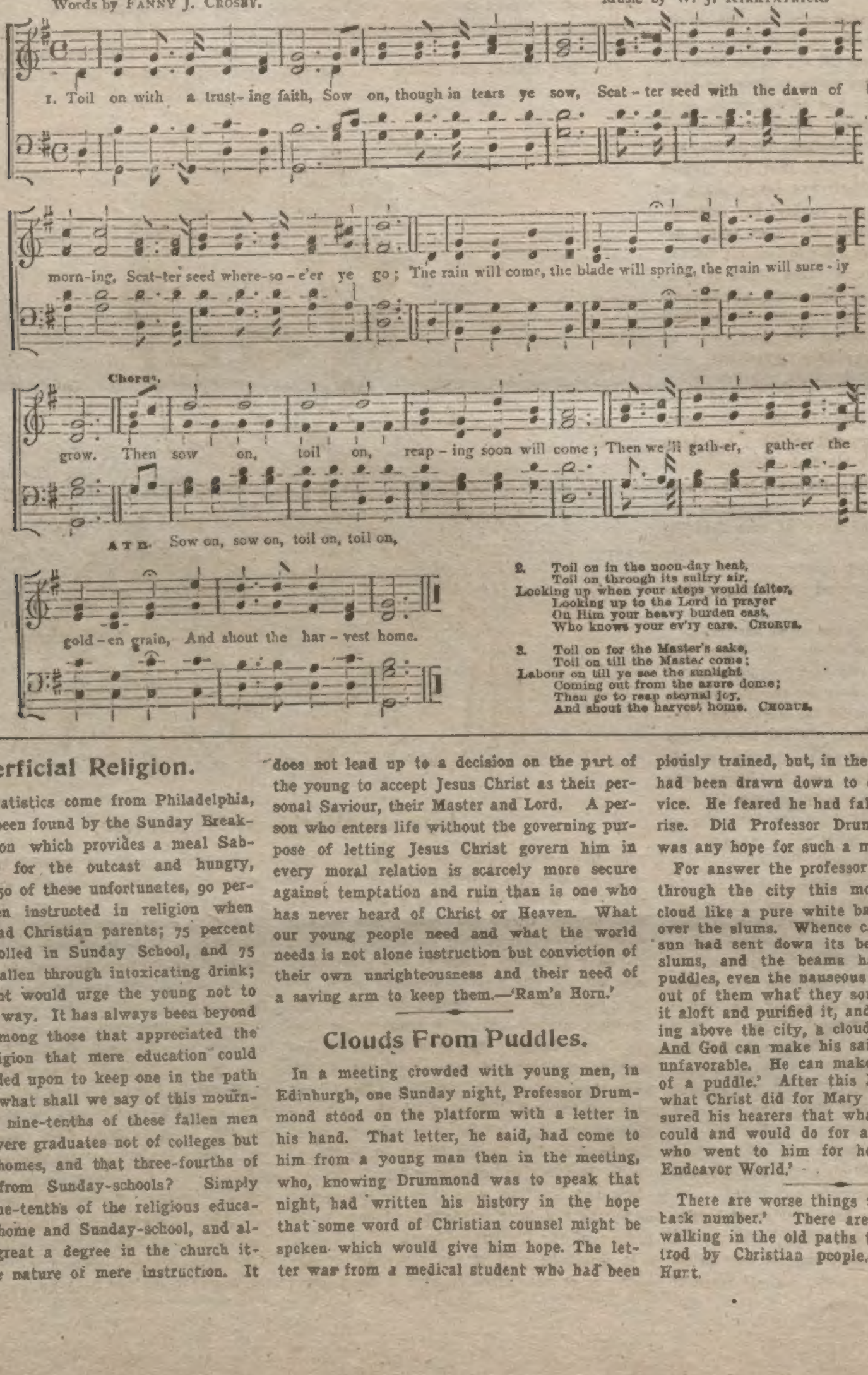
For many years, Mrs. Van Alstyne has spent a considerable portion of her time in going about the country speaking at religious gatherings, with great acceptance, as opportunity opened. The accompanying cut was taken some years since. She has a very pleasing address and a clear, penetrating voice that is easily heard throughout a large hall. Even at her present advanced age, she still continues this service, accompanied by a sister who devotes herself entirely to this unremitting ministry. Their home is at 756 State st., Bridgeport, Conn.

One feature in the approaching celebration will be the letters and addresses that will be sent Fanny Crosby from individuals and churches who are prompted by gratitude and affection to do so. The opportunity to make a love offering is also presented; but happiest of all for the blind author will be the testimony of those to whom her words of praise to God, of hope and pardon to sin-sick souls, have been a means of rich spiritual blessing.

The subjoined hymn, though not so well known as others, is specially appropriate as her devoted life of sowing nears the time of its 'harvest home.'

THE HARVEST HOME.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Toil on with a trust-ing faith, Sow on, though in tears ye sow, Scat-ter seed with the dawn of
morn-ing, Scat-ter seed where-so-e'er ye go; The rain will come, the blade will spring, the grain will sure-ly
Chorus.
grow. Then sow on, toil on, reap-ing soon will come; Then we'll gath-er, gath-er the
ATB. Sow on, sow on, toil on, toil on,
gold-en grain, And shout the har-vest home.

2. Toil on in the noon-day heat,
Toil on through its sultry air,
Looking up when your steps would falter,
Looking up to the Lord in prayer
On Him your heavy burden cast,
Who knows your ev'ry care. CHORUS.

3. Toil on for the Master's sake,
Toil on till the Master come;
Labour on till ye see the sunlight
Coming out from the azure dome;
Then go to reap eternal joy,
And shout the harvest home. CHORUS.

Superficial Religion.

Startling statistics come from Philadelphia, where it has been found by the Sunday Breakfast Association which provides a meal Sabbath morning for the outcast and hungry, that out of 950 of these unfortunates, 90 percent had been instructed in religion when young, and had Christian parents; 75 percent had been enrolled in Sunday School, and 75 percent had fallen through intoxicating drink; and 98 percent would urge the young not to walk in their way. It has always been beyond controversy among those that appreciated the power in religion that mere education could not be depended upon to keep one in the path of right, but what shall we say of this mournful fact that nine-tenths of these fallen men and women were graduates not of colleges but of Christian homes, and that three-fourths of them came from Sunday-schools? Simply this, that nine-tenths of the religious education in both home and Sunday-school, and almost to as great a degree in the church itself is in the nature of mere instruction. It does not lead up to a decision on the part of the young to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, their Master and Lord. A person who enters life without the governing purpose of letting Jesus Christ govern him in every moral relation is scarcely more secure against temptation and ruin than is one who has never heard of Christ or Heaven. What our young people need and what the world needs is not alone instruction but conviction of their own unrighteousness and their need of a saving arm to keep them.—'Ram's Horn.'

Clouds From Puddles.

In a meeting crowded with young men, in Edinburgh, one Sunday night, Professor Drummond stood on the platform with a letter in his hand. That letter, he said, had come to him from a young man then in the meeting, who, knowing Drummond was to speak that night, had written his history in the hope that some word of Christian counsel might be spoken which would give him hope. The letter was from a medical student who had been piously trained, but, in the vortex of city life, had been drawn down to drunkenness and to vice. He feared he had fallen too low ever to rise. Did Professor Drummond think there was any hope for such a man?

For answer the professor said: 'As I walked through the city this morning I noticed a cloud like a pure white bank of snow resting over the slums. Whence came it? The great sun had sent down its beams into the city slums, and the beams had gone among the puddles, even the nauseous puddles, and drawn out of them what they sought and had taken it aloft and purified it, and there it was, resting above the city, a cloud as white as snow. And God can make his saints out of material unfavorable. He can make a white cloud out of a puddle.' After this Drummond spoke of what Christ did for Mary Magdalene, and assured his hearers that what he did for her he could and would do for any depraved person who went to him for help now.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

There are worse things than being called 'a back number.' There are worse things than walking in the old paths that have long been trod by Christian people.—The Rev. F. W. Hurt.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Drifted Out to Sea.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
Roamed by the sea, one summer day,
Watching the great waves come and go,
Prattling, as children will, you know,
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings;
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach
An old boat cast upon the beach.
Helter-skelter, with merry din,
Over its sides they clambered in—
Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep
Higher, higher, upon the sands,
Reaching out with their giant hands,
Grasping the boat in boisterous glee,
Tossing it up, and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold;
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by;
And now, across the sunny sky,
A black cloud stretches far away,
And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on, with flash and roar,
While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
The great waves, rolling from the west,
Bring night and darkness on their breast.
Still floats the boat through driving storm,
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, 'Seabird,' lies
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies.
Her captain paces restless now,
A troubled look upon his brow,
While all his nerves with terror thrill;
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,
And grasps his arm with eager hands;
'A boat has just swept past,' said he,
'Bearing two children out to sea.
'Tis dangerous now to put about,
Yet they cannot be saved without.'

'Naught but their safety will suffice;
They must be saved!' the captain cries.
'By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel, life and men,
And God will not forsake me then.'

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to the call;
And when, at last, through driving storm,
They lifted up each little form,
The captain started, with a groan,
'My God!' he cried, 'they are my own!'

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of 'Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.'

A Clean Job.

(Julia F. Deane, in the 'Classmate.')

He sat on a pile of slate, his ebony figure silhouetted against the blue of the April sky. Without having taken the trouble to remove the grime from his face, he was eating his luncheon of rye bread and pie, the highly seasoned sauce of hunger making him quite oblivious to the coal dust which sifted in from the corners of his mouth.

'Come on, Pud,' called a group of boys from the incline above. 'It's your turn.' Pud just shook his head. 'Havin' his picter took so much's turned Pud's head. He's goin' to 'dopt hisself to a milyonaire,' laughed back the boys.

The breaker boys of the Wilberforce mine were having their usual noonday sport riding up and down the incline the rheumatic old mule who drudged all day drawing the coal from mine to breaker. All about the breaker sat groups of silent men watching the proceedings with dull interest. Of all the motley company, Pud's thoughts alone seemed to wander beyond the duty confines of the breaker.

Great had been the martyrdom of the breaker boys of this district during the winter and spring of the great strike. All the world had heard of them through magazine and newspaper and tourists in groups and singly had visited the breakers, kodak in one hand and note-book in the other, prepared to store away material for pathetic tales. The boys had been patted on their grimy heads and chucked under their dusty chins, had slyly been treated to candy and coin, and encouraged to aggravate the martyrdom of their hard life for the benefit of a sympathetic public. And Pud, the dirtiest of them all, the boy who sat where the coal dust fell thicker and faster than in any other part of the great breaker; Pud, who was known as the deftest sorter and picker for his age, had elevated his nose under a dozen layers of coal dust and pretended to scorn the whole affair.

That morning two gentlemen, friends of the owner of the mine, had passed through the breaker carelessly scrutinizing the boys at their work. 'Not a bad lot of lads, you see,' one of them was explaining to his companion, evidently a stranger to the scene. 'Some of these boys may be our great men in the future. That fellow now in the corner'—indicating Pud in a lowered yet perfectly audible tone—'has a fine face under that mask. Look at those eyes. It would be worth a dollar to see that boy after a thorough bath,' and he laughed carelessly at his own suggestion.

Pud's cheeks had tingled with anger at the cool indifference of the remark. As he sat eating his luncheon in his self-appointed exile he was thinking of the circumstance. 'They all go by and look at us as if we's just brutes. And so he thinks 'twould be worth a dollar to see me after a wash, does he? It's a dead easy way to earn a dollar. I've a mind to take him up on it. The boss'll tell me who he is straight enough. He lives down in the town.'

Mr. James Watson sat a morning or two later in his well-furnished office, his feet elevated upon a desk, busily engaged in killing time with the aid of another social idler, when the door was pushed open, and there entered a youth of thirteen, ruddy of cheek and with well-polished skin.

'Mr. Watson?' he inquired. 'Yes, I know 'tis,' he answered his own inquiry. 'Well, I've come for the dollar.'

James Watson lowered his feet from the desk and stared at the boy. 'Your dollar! and pray how does it happen that I owe you a dollar?'

'It's what you said,' replied the boy. 'At the breaker the other day, and he's the feller you said it to, and you pointed right at me. "That feller's got a fine face under the mask. It would be worth a dollar to see it clean." You said it all right.'

'If that isn't superb!' laughed the young man. 'And so you've come to exhibit the face and collect the money on delivery. 'Well,' scrutinizing the boy's face, the honest, steadfast eyes, and the firm mouth, 'I'm not sure but it's worth a dollar. Eh, Tom?' turning to his companion. 'Really,' and for a moment he spoke with real seriousness, 'it is almost too good a face to go on wearing that mask of coal dust forever.'

'That's what I say,' broke forth the boy, impetuously, 'and that's why I'm here. The reporters they come and take our pictures and jolly us up and pity us, but they don't any of 'em say they'll give us a cleaner job. We ain't eating dust and cinders for the fun of the thing. I don't want your dollar. What I want is a white job the year round. You wanted to see how I'd look clean, and here I am. I'm sore with scraping myself, but there ain't a mite of coal dust left on me.'

For five minutes James Watson considered the situation. 'Well, it's a bargain, Johnny, or whatever your name is. Be on hand at my office to-morrow morning at nine.'

'Why not today?' inquired the boy. 'Those windows need cleaning, and so does that glass door.'

'Right you are, but that's the janitor's business. Never mind, do it if you like, and if you make the windows as clean as your face you will do.'

It was a marvel the way in which cleanliness and Pud agreed. Whenever it was convenient James Watson bestowed on the boy partly worn garments from his own wardrobe. He even gave him books and sent him to night school. As far as his self-centred, careless disposition permitted he grew fond of the boy, whose presence in the office gave him a self-satisfied feeling of benevolence. As for Pud, now known as Purdy, his young employer was his hero. Nevertheless, at times things took place in the office which gave Purdy, trained by an honest, God-fearing mother, much anxious thought. Although the big letters on the window proclaimed to the world that James Watson, attorney at law, waited within, the young man himself seemed far more engrossed in the perusal of stocy quotations than in the study of legal lore which adorned his office shelves, and every day creditors came to be more frequent visitors than clients. However, Purdy's wages came regularly, and he had no reason for complaint. The boy had been in the office for over a year. Early one morning, before the arrival of his employer, Purdy was working away industriously trying to master the typewriter, when a plainly gowned, elderly lady called, inquiring for Mr. Jamie Watson. 'And so this is Jamie Watson's office,' she commented, curiously. 'Well, I'm glad I've found it; been all over the building looking for it. You're his clerk, I suppose. No, you can't do anything for me, thank you just the same. I've got to see Jamie himself. I've known him all his life, from a lad. His father did all our buisiness for us. I tell you he was as honest and trustworthy a man as ever did business, was Robert Watson. I'd have trusted him with every dollar I possessed, if I'd half a million. I do hope his son is like him. How is it, anyway?' looking Purdy squarely in the eye, adjusting her glasses for a better scrutiny. 'Is James doing a good business, all straight and honorable? But there! I haven't any right to ask you such a question. Of course you couldn't tell on him, now would you?'

'He's never told me anything but the truth,' said Purdy, steadily. 'He's always done the straight thing by me, he has.' But as he said it he busied himself dusting an invisible speck of dust from a book, and refrained from facing the woman.

'Well, that's a good recommendation, I'm sure. You see about as much of him as anybody, and nobody can make me believe that you are not honest all the way through, and she smiled graciously upon the boy.

During the conversation that followed upon the arrival of Mr. Watson, Purdy endeavored to play such an energetic and vigorous accompaniment upon the typewriter that he might not hear it, but the woman's shrill voice rose above the rat-a-tat-tat of the machine, as she volubly informed James Watson of her confidence in his father, of her reduced circum-

stances, and how relying on the integrity of the Watson family she wanted to intrust to him a recent legacy of an uncle, to be safely invested where it would bring her fair interest. 'I never did have a head for business,' she admitted, 'and when there was money in our family your father always took care of all our business, and there wasn't any use of my trying to keep track of it with as trustworthy a man in charge as he, and so I said to Elizabeth, "I'm just going down and let Robert Watson's son invest it for me." I've got to have faith in somebody, or else get only a stingy little three percent from the savings bank, and I can't afford that. So here it is,' and she handed him a cheque. The typewriter worked itself into a tremendous crescendo as Mr. James Watson assured her her confidence was not misplaced, and accepted the trust.

During the afternoon one of James Watson's friends entered the office, announcing breezily, 'Jim, there's a cool thousand or two to be made on the XX stock. It's going up like an eagle, at 1.20 already.'

'You don't mean it! If I only had the money to invest!'

'Sure thing this time, Bilkins says. Can't you get it somewhere—beg, borrow, or boodle?'

Thirty minutes later Purdy's bell summoned him sharply from the adjoining office. 'Take that cheque over to Bennett, the broker, quick, and get a receipt. I've telephoned particulars. He understands. Hurry now.' Watson's face was flushed, and his manner nervous and irritable.

'Bennett's office,' thought Purdy as he hurried along. 'That means more stock speculating. Where could he get the money? I know his bank account is low. My! if he ain't done it!' as he glanced down at the cheque which Watson had handed him without taking the trouble to enclose in an envelope. There was no mistaking the quaint, old-fashioned feminine writing. 'It's the old lady's cheque, and he's going to risk it on that stock, that he has lost so much on in the last three months. It's a shame!' and in his indignation Purdy came to a standstill in the middle of the block. ''Tain't white, and I'll have no hand in it. The old lady said she'd take my face for a recommend, and I'll not have a part in it. It'll cost me my job, and jobs are scarce; but then there's always the breaker to go back to. I'm sure to get in there. My! I hate to go back to the dirty old place, but when it comes to being black on the inside or outside there ain't no question, that's all. The one'll come out in the wash, the other won't. Mr. James Watson, you'll have to get somebody else to do your errand,' and Purdy deliberately turned his face officeward.

Young Watson was walking restlessly back and forth in his office. He was not finding his own company altogether agreeable during the past few days. Desperate over insistent demands of creditors and losses on the Board, he had risked the money of his father's old friend, endeavoring to quiet his conscience with the assurance of Bilkins, the experienced, that this time it was a sure thing. In the midst of his meditations the door was pushed hurriedly open, and Purdy, with honest, fearless eyes faced his employer. The cheque was held tightly in his hand.

'What's the matter? Didn't you find Bennett?' Watson inquired, excitedly.

'I didn't go to Bennett's, Mr. Watson,' answered Purdy, slowly, 'and I never will with that cheque. You told the old lady she could trust you, and I told her so too, and I ain't going to have a thing to do with it.'

Watson snatched the piece of paper from the boy's hand. 'You young upstart. You forget what you were a year ago. Impertinence! Go back to your dirty breaker. I've no further use for you.'

'There's blacker things in this world than breaker boys, Mr. Watson,' said the boy, and his voice faltered a little; 'and I'm not ungrateful, I'm just common honest; and when I took your job here I thought it was clean all through.'

For four days Purdy went from office to store and from store to office in search of a position, but it was at a time of year when business houses were laying off help, and he received no encouragement.

Seven o'clock Monday morning found Purdy in the breaker again. Climbing the dark and dusty stairway to the screen room of the Wilberforce he took his place on the little bench across the long shute. The whistle screamed, the massive machinery was set in motion, the great iron-toothed rollers began to grind the huge pieces of coal; then came a deafening noise, and down the iron-sheathed shutes were started the fragments, all to be screened and picked and loaded before it can be placed upon the market. Each day for ten long-drawn-out, monotonous, stifling hours the boy sat bent over a bench, his eyes fixed on the coal as it passed beneath him, selecting the slate from the coal, his tender hands cut by the sharp pieces of slate or coal, breathing an atmosphere thick with coal dust, so thick he could hardly see across the screen room, constantly subjected to the tyranny of the cracker boss who is bound, whatever his disposition, to keep the boys under him closely at work.

Many times a day did Purdy wonder if doing the square thing was really worth while, for breaking was many times harder after the easy, clean experiences of the past year.

He was rapidly winning back his position as the most skillful boy in the breaker, so deftly did his hands sort and pick while his brain was busily planning for the future, when one morning a voice from the top of the stairway called: 'Is there a feller here by the name of Pud Burrows. If there is, he's to come to the office.' All heads were turned, although hands continued to work automatically, and his companions looked after him with envious eyes. Such a summons was most unusual. A messenger boy with an envelope which bore the return stamp of James Watson, attorney at law, Purdy found waiting in the office. Within was a brief line, but for Purdy it was sufficient. It read:

'Purdy Burrows: There's a job, clean all the way through, waiting for you at No. 235 Braddock Bldg. J. WATSON.'

No other explanation was ever made by James Watson to his office boy, but Purdy later came across among his employer's papers a solid real estate mortgage securing a note, in favor of the old lady client, bearing a safe per centum of interest, and it was the talk of the town how the highly inflated XX had descended with a rapidity unequalled by its rise, from which lowly position it seemed destined never to rise. This one look over a precipice of moral and financial ruin, from a big plunge into which the honor of his office boy had saved him, brought James Watson to his senses. He looked his creditors squarely in the face, with honest purpose and honest promises, and settled down to a legitimate law business. Hard labor and concentration finally brought success, which the lawyer shared generously with Purdy in helping him to educate himself and fill the place in the world that is always waiting for the man with clean hands and clean heart.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Brush Brigade.

Not long ago I heard a mother tell her boys that intimate and constant acquaintance with brushes goes a great way toward making a gentleman. The remark struck me, and I asked how many brushes one needs to be familiar with.

'Tell her, boys,' said their mother, and the merry fellows shouted:

'One to brush our hair we need,
And one to polish our boots,
One to clean our nails indeed,
And one to dust our suits,
And one to give our hats a switching,
To make us all look very bewitching,
And that's the song of the Brush Brigade.'

'Willie always twists everything they have to remember into a jingle, and then they don't forget it,' said the mother smiling, as the brigade went off in a vivacious procession to practice on their brushes.

'Tramps went out, but gentlemen came back,' said the clever little mother when they came in again. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness, and dirt is an abomination,' said grandmother from the corner.

'It runs in the family,' I heard one of the boys say, as they put on their coats. 'I guess gran brought up her boys to brush just as mother serves us. Never mind, all her boys are gentlemen clear through, and I s'pose we'll be the same if we stick to the brushes.'—'Wide Awake.'

Comrades.

Bobby was ten years old and an alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family Christmas dinner, one block away from her home without mishap.

He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together.

'I hope he will remember that she is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough,' said Bobby's mother, as she began to dress her younger children. But when she arrived at the family party it appeared that grandmother had turned her ankle and was lying on the lounge.

'Bobby,' said the mother reproachfully, 'where were you when grandma slipped?'

'Now, I won't have that boy blamed,' said grandmother briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. 'We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought we could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing; when you get to be ninety, you'll count a turned ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Dogs That Wear Shoes.

In Alaska even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death! The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in the country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin and ties them on with stout throngs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolf-like teeth and eats them up.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska.

Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell from $75 to $200 each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw 200 pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are over fond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close to the men who own them as possible and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they won't get under the blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.—'New England Farmer.'

A Social Settlement Girl.

A TRUE STORY.

(Anna E. Hahn, in the 'Wellspring.')

Daisy's family was going to move from one of the prettiest streets and finest neighborhoods of the city into a very shabby and disreputable neighborhood indeed, and their reasons for moving were very strange and unusual.

Daisy's father was a professor of sociology in a great seminary. Sociology, as you know, is the science that treats of the condition and development of human society, and of course in teaching it the professor frequently had to refer to the condition of the poor.

Well, the more he talked about the many poor families crowded together in the dismal tenements of the city, the more he was troubled by the thought that he should not be content with merely talking about them, but that he also should be doing something to better their condition. Oh, the many poor men, women and children right in his own city, so oppressed by poverty, ignorance, filth and wrongdoing, their whole lives being a constant struggle to keep from nakedness and starvation! And no one to care for them, no one to help them! This was the thought that haunted the good professor night and day.

At length he said, 'I must do something besides talk about social science and the condition of the poor in the slums and tenements. I must start a Social Settlement, and practise the things I teach for the betterment of the poor.'

Now a Social Settlement is a group of people who choose to make their home in that part of the city where they can render the most help to those most needing help. They are cultured, kindly people who love even the poorest of their fellow-men and long to do them good. They seek out some crowded, neglected part of the city, where poverty and sin abound, and make their home there. They obtain a large house, fit up some of the rooms for living rooms for themselves, and set apart the others for schoolrooms, reading rooms, sewing rooms, and for whatever other good enterprises they find it pssible to maintain for the good of those they seek to benefit. Then by much kindly work and tact they become acquainted with their poor neighbors far and near, gain their confidence and draw them into various meetings and classes, where they learn much of books, of cleanliness, industry, morality and Christianity. The city officers are prevailed upon to aid the Settlement workers in ridding their neighborhood of filth and garbage, and soon the entire locality is much changed for the better.

The good professor resolved to start one of these Social Settlements and make his home there. His wife and children, all of whom except Daisy were grown up, agreed to his plan, and he selected for the place of his Settlement a 'left behind district' in one of the crowded industrial parts of the city. All the well-to-do families had removed from this left behind district, leaving the place to noisy, dirty shops and factories and the many poor people who worked in them when they could get work. They were of many nationalities, very poor, and too often both ignorant and vicious. Their homes were crowded, dirty tenements, and they had but little opportunity to better their condition even if they tried.

Near the centre of this district the professor leased a large house containing half a hundred rooms. Formerly it had been the homestead of a wealthy family, later it had been enlarged and used for office and storage purposes by a railway, and later still the front had been used for a German boarding house, and the back for an Italian tenement. It was empty when the professor found it, but oh, so dirty! Such a quantity of soap and water and paint and paper and sulphur as it took to clean it!

At length the great house was ready for occupancy, and the professor and his family, and several benevolent people who offered to aid in the good work, began moving into it. Of course they were all sorry to leave their pleasant home and neighborhood. Daisy, being only eleven, could not well understand why they were moving into such a shabby, crowded locality, but when told that it was to help hundreds of poor boys and girls to live better and happier lives she was content with the change. She herself packed her books, dolls, and toys, and took along her canary and pet kittens, thinking they would be company for her until she became acquainted with her new neighbors.

While they were getting settled in the great house Daisy kept wondering who her first friend in this new neighborhood would be. She was a gentle, sociable little soul and longed for friends of her own age. She was ready to overlook poverty and lack of training, and almost everything if only these children of the left behind district would be friendly.

But though she met them more than halfway they would not be friendly. Even after the Settlement work had been gotten well under way, and the classes and meetings were well attended, Daisy had made no friends at all among the children. They were ill-clad, neglected little things, having but little idea of kindness and gentleness.

They spoke in broken English or in foreign gibberish, and when not noisy and rude were shy and silent. The fair, tidy little girl with the gentle voice and ways seemed so different from them that they shrank from her with dislike and envy. So persistently did they hold aloof that Daisy almost despaired of winning their confidence and friendship; but her papa told her that continual patience and kindly effort accomplish wonders, so she kept on trying.

Among those who attended the singing class was Tim Farley, a freckle-faced boy, whose shrewd gray eyes were brimful of mischief. He was not only lively and mischievous but very tricky, always having some naughty joke or scheme on hand, and even his friends and cronies admitted that he needed watching. The Settlement workers had difficulty in getting hold of him, but finally got him into the singing class. He dearly loved music, and had a good voice and ear for it. When the singing class met and Tim heard the organ and the children, led by their teacher, singing some pretty song, he could not help slipping into the music room and joining his voice with the others. He always remained near the door, however, and kept his torn hat in his grimy hand, ready to slip out whenever he wished.

The sight of Daisy, so gentle and fair and neat, seemed to aggravate him, and he lost no opportunity to give her a rude stare or a mocking leer, giggling delightedly when he saw the look of surprise and fear with which she regarded his antics.

And yet she had a strange attraction for him, and he liked to watch her. One evening, hearing her laughing and running in the back yard of the Settlement building he climbed on a shed and looked over into the yard to see what she was doing.

A pretty sight greeted him. Mary, the Irish maidservant, had a dish of gasoline outside the kitchen door and was cleaning the soiled places on her black dress, while Daisy, dressed in white, her yellow curls flying and her blue eyes shining, was running gleefully to and fro chasing two snow-white kittens. The playful little creatures darted here and there, and after them ran the laughing child, all three having a gay frolic.

Tim looked at his ragged clothes and soiled hands and said envying, 'My, ain't she fine? She doesn't know anything about dirt and rags. Thinks everything should be as clean and pretty as her and her kittens.'

Then his spirit of mischief awoke and he chuckled, 'My them kittens! Wouldn't I like to get at 'em?'

All the cats and dogs in that ward fled from Tim as from a mortal enemy, and well they might, for his mischief was often very cruel mischief.

'I wonder where my little lady keeps her kittens nights!' he muttered. 'I'll bet she puts 'em in that box by the kitchen door. I'll wait and see.'

So he waited, and when the kittens were tired of frolicking Daisy took them in her arms, stroking them and saying:

'Come now, my beauties, it's getting dark and time for you to go to bed. I've put fresh straw in your box so you'll sleep well to-night.'

And with a good-by pat to each she put them in their box, and carefully covering it went into the house where the lamps were already lighted.

Presently Mary finished her task, and emptying her dish of gasoline on the ground went in too, and silence and darkness reigned in the back yard.

Presently Tim descended from the shed and crept up to the kitchen door. Several boxes were near it, and to make sure which contained the kittens he struck a match. When its flickering flame had shown him the box he wanted he carelessly dropped it, still burning, at his feet.

Then a strange thing happened. Fierce tongues of fire suddenly sprang up all around him, blistering his hands, singeing his hair and eyebrows, and laying hold of his tattered coat. He gave a terrified, half-suffocated shriek which caused the kitchen door to open with a jerk and out bounced Mary.

'Faith, and if 't isn't Tim Farley!' she cried. 'Ye little rogue, settin' the house afire, and a-burnin' yerself up wid it! Did inybody iver see the loikes of yes!'

And seizing the frightened lad by the collar she jerked him into the kitchen and extinguished the conflagration with a pail of water.

'Now, thin, give an account of yerself,' she ordered, returning to Tim, while Daisy stood by in silent astonishment.

'Please, mam,' blubbered Tim, 'I was lookin' for the kittens, and happening to drop a

match the very ground took fire and tried to burn me up.'

Mary laughed unfeelingly. 'It was because of the gasoline I emptied there, miss,' she explained to Daisy. 'There were a few straws there too, and shavings, all wet with the gasoline. It was careless to empty it there, but now I'm glad I did it. Looking for the kittens, were you?' she continued, turning to Tim. 'And what business had you lookin' for Miss Daisy's kittens? It's well you got only a few blisters, young man, and now we'll just hand you over to the police.'

'Oh, no, we'll not do that!' said Daisy. 'The poor boy has been punished enough. Get some water and wash him, Mary, and we'll cool his burns with ointment.'

So the kind Mary scrubbed Tim's hands and face till they shone, bathing his burns with ointment brought by Daisy. Then she combed his tangled hair and replaced his burned and tattered coat with a good one, also brought by Daisy.

'You're not a bad-lookin' boy when you're cleaned up a bit,' she said. 'I should think a boy like you could do something better than steal kittens.'

'He can,' said Daisy. 'He can sing beautifully. I've heard him in the singing class. I've often wished you would come in and sing with me sometimes,' she continued turning to Tim.

Tim, who had been much frightened by the strange fire, and much ashamed to be caught by a woman, was now much astonished, both by the kind treatment he was receiving, and by the fact that this dainty, gentle girl wished him to be friendly with her, and to come in and sing with her.

'I should think you could have plenty of better folks than I am to sing with you, miss,' Tim said very gently and respectfully for him.

'Not in this part of the city,' sighed Daisy. 'I'm a stranger here and can't make friends. The children all keep away from me; I'm sure I don't know why. But I'm very lonely.'

She drew a soft, sobbing little breath, and suddenly all the gallantry in Tim's nature sprang up to aid her.

'We kept away from you because we thought you wanted to patronize us,' he said eagerly. 'You were so pretty and clean and well dressed, and we were so poor and dirty that the difference aggravated us. If you really want us to be friendly with you, I'm sure we will. Even I—why, I'll sing with you whenever you wish.'

'Will you?' cried the delighted Daisy. 'Then come into the music room right now and we'll have some songs together.'

Thus Daisy won her first friend in the Settlement, and this led to the winning of many more. Tim, who was a recognized leader of the youngsters in the left behind district, was so loyal to the little Social Settlement girl that the other children wondered what there was about her that so attracted him, and so they began to meet her friendly advances halfway. This little advantage once gained, Daisy soon won them to her, and thereafter she had no lack of friends.

Her influence upon those neglected children of the slums was very beneficial. It not only drew them into the various classes and meetings of the Settlement, but it also caused them to be more gentle and clean and neat. Thus she became a very useful Social Settlement worker and helped many poor children to live cleaner, brighter and better lives.

Is there not a lesson in this story for all who read it? We cannot all go down among the tenements and slums and do Social Settlement work, but we can all do some of this work in and near our own homes. In every community there are 'left behind' families—poor, discouraged, distressed families with whom the world goes hard, and who have but few pleasures or opportunities. Near us all are those who need Social Settlement work done for them, and there are many ways of doing this work. Some of these ways will readily suggest themselves to all who honestly desire to help others to live brighter and better lives. The good professor was right in saying that persistent patience and kindly effort will accomplish wonders.

Do it Now.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant bt
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, 'I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing.'

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should now begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, 'Yes,
I'm coming in a minute.'

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

—'Waif.'

The Gentle Art of Letting Alone.

I was once a guest in a family of girls and boys whose affection for each other was a marked characteristic, and who were considerate and unselfish. Yet there was an atmosphere of contention in the household that marred the peace and happiness of these well-meaning people.

At last I ventured on a suggestion (being so much older and a relation) to the eldest daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen.

'Don't you think, my dear,' I said, 'that it would be better to let Fred go his own way sometimes, without any controversy, even if you are sure it is a mistaken way and will bring him trouble?'

The dear young thing looked at me in wide-eyed surprise. Let Fred take a mistaken course without trying to hold him back! Evidently the suggestion seemed rank disloyalty.

'I do think,' I went on, with some hesitation, 'that, next to loving God and your parents, the very most important thing in your home life is that it should be saturated right through and through with the sunshine of love and kindness and perfect sympathy.'

'Yes,' said Fred's sister, doubtfully.

'It really does not matter, lastingly,' I kept on, 'whether Fred brings his dog in the house or not, whether he cleans his gun on the back porch or in the wood-shed, whether he wears his patent leathers out in the wet or put on overshoes.' I stopped and looked anxiously at the flushing cheeks of my young listener, but I was 'in for it.'

'It does matter, indefinitely much,' I then continued, 'whether or not the boy finds home the jolliest place in the world, whether or not he turns to the sister as his best chum and confidante, sure of her sympathy, not fearing any small, stinging criticisms.'

There was no response to my suggestion. 'My dear Ellen,' I said, 'I am sure that, nine times out of ten, when we feel impelled—almost compelled—to say "don't" we ought to restrain the inclination; and even that tenth time we should think twice before criticising one who is pretty sure to know his own business better than we do, and quite sure to think he does. Will you not try my plan of letting your brothers and sisters make their own mistakes, and get their own experience while you make yourself the joy of their life?'

I must not be boastful, but I had the happiness of seeing my suggestion take root and bring forth peaceable fruits of happiness and sweet content in that household.

And just the other day a friend said to me, complainingly, 'You don't love Jack near as much as I do, yet you have twice as much influence over him.'

'Ah!' I said to myself, 'it is because I practice the gentle art of letting alone.'—'Presbyterian Standard.'

'Thy Word is a Lamp Unto My Feet.'

Robert Moffat's mother made him promise, on leaving his Scottish home, that he would daily read his Bible. 'She was my mother,' Mr. Moffat said, 'and I was going to leave her and my father; I might never see them again. I could not resist her prayer and her tears; my heart was tender. I knew that if I made the promise I must keep it; and oh, I am happy I did make that promise.' Fifty years of self-sacrificing missionary work in South Africa with results of vast consequence to Christ's kingdom show how far that little candle still sheds its light.

As an educational force the bible is of great importance. King James' version has done everything to purify the English language; in fact it is the source of pure English. For the last three generations it has been the one book which people have studied.

John Bunyan, of imperishable fame, wrote 'Pilgrim's Progress' with no knowledge of English other than that gleaned from God's word, and to-day his book is studied by students of English in our schools, and calls from each the heartfelt acknowledgment of its beauty of expression and purity of diction.

Young people, study the Bible for the information it contains. It is a book adapted to put into the hands of children; so simple as to be intelligible to them, as to all in humble life, to the ignorant, to those interested by narrative, by incident, by thrilling stories, by proverbs and parables.

Read your Bibles. John Stoughton says:—'There is no other book which associates itself in the same way and to the same extent with the joys and sorrows of human life, with births, marriages, and burials, with our journeys, our country walks, our conversation around the family hearth, our silence by the sick bedside—no other which, like this, would bear to be read over the coffin of the dead, at the mouth of the sepulchre. Why is it that people in their troubles cleave to what is written here as they do to nothing else in this wide world!'

The educational power of the Bible is beyond expression. Its simple Saxon style, its touching narratives, its vivid descriptions, its personal delineations, its miracle wonders are all calculated to captivate the mind and heart of the young; and its great ideas of sin and human sorrow, of redemption by Christ, of God's existence, majesty and glory of the work of the Holy Spirit, of accountability for character and conduct, of death, judgment and eternity—these are the greatest educational forces known among men. 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to thy word.'—Florence MacClelland, in the 'Watchword.'

Room for More.

'That woman reminds me of an old-fashioned omnibus,' said Elinor.

'My dear' murmured Aunt Mary in a tone uncertainly divided between reproof and interrogation, for the figure passing down the walk certainly was ample in its proportions and somewhat rolling in its gait.

'Oh, I only referred to the well-known capacity of the omnibus to always find space for one more,' laughed Elinor. 'Mrs. Hawkins's whole life is of that order. Her house is small but it is never so crowded that she cannot make room for anyone who needs it, and do it in hospitable, warm-hearted fashion. Her table is a very simple one, its supplies none too lavish for family use, but no one ever greets an unexpected guest more cordially than she; what she has can always be divided to make one more portion. Her means are very small, her family large, and she works as few of her neighbors do, but no day of hers is so full that she cannot find time for a little extra service if someone needs it. "La, child! I'll manage to tuck it in somewheres. It's a pity if a body can't do a little kindness now and then," she always says, as she said to me just now. She is forever doing the kind, helpful, unnoticed things that no one else feels like attempting, and I believe she "tucks in" more Christianity in odd corners than many of us spread over our whole existence. "Room for a little more" is the key to which her life seems set.'—'Western Christian.'

The Unknown Minstrel.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

It was on a hot summer day, in the year 1822, in the royal garden at Wiesbaden, where many princely dignitaries had just arrived for the benefit of the healing properties of the mineral waters. The loud and joyful laughter could be heard at the entrance of the garden, where an old blind man, in a soldier's coat, was stroking the fiddle. Next to this picture of misery stood a little curly-headed boy about seven years old, who held out his hat to the passers-by, begging them for an offering. But this day nobody listened to the squeaking fiddle of the invalid, for the sky was so clear and sunny that everyone thought only of some pleasure which he could prepare for himself, and in the boy's old hat there fell not a copper.

'Grandpa,' the boy said, whiningly, 'nobody has given me anything, and I am so hungry!'

The old man replied, 'The dear Lord will soon send some charitable person, George.' At the same time one tear after another fell from the sightless eyes to the earth, where surely an angel picked them up to weigh them on the scale of mercy. But the little fellow disliked to see the old man weep, and said:

'Grandpa, you should not cry; I will not grumble. I would rather hunger! But see! here comes a fine gentleman; play away; he just looks as though he would give something.'

The stranger was attired in choice, dark clothing, and his intelligent eyes, like his round and good humored face, were overshadowed by a dark large rimmed hat. In vain the boy held out his hat; he even ran a few steps after him, but he came back whimpering and complained, 'He did not hear me, grandfather. Oh, here he comes!' Indeed, the stranger had returned. Suddenly the little hand with the hat made its appearance, and now the stranger heard tones which seemed to grate unpleasantly on his ears, but he frowned and beckoned to the old man to stop, but the boy said: 'Grandfather is blind, sir!'

'Blind! Oh, how pitiful! and who are you?'

'I am George Werner, the old man's grandson.

The stranger sighed and threw a double gulden into the boy's hat. He then went to the blind man. 'What is your name, poor man?'

'Conrad Zimmerman is my name. I am an invalid and was in the Russian campaign as a Rhenish confederate.'

The stranger sat down on one of the white-washed stones which were standing along the road and said. 'Tell me about it.'

The old man began: 'When in the year 1812 Napoleon led his army over the Rhine against Russia the confederation of Rhenish princes had to send their troops along. I originate from Bavaria. This place had to supply a considerable contingent, so that I, although far over the years because I was strong, vigorous and clever, had to remain in the regiment. Oh, sir, let me be silent about the misery which I experienced! Like in a triumphal march we went into Russia, until we reached Moscow in jubilation. But then the fire broke out and the misery began. When the frost and snow came there lay whole piles of soldiers in the morning frozen at the bivouac fires.

'To my luck I was taken prisoner, and did not set foot in Germany until four years afterward. In the meantime my wife died of grief; my only daughter married the stone-cutter, Werner, from here, a clever man. I made my home with my daughter, but she died when this boy was born. Soon after his father died, too. I was a lithographer and had plenty to do. I met the sad fate to become blind on account of the hardships I had suffered and overwork. So, sir, we have become beggars.'

Just then a gay company of guests came along. To all appearances they were rich people. Suddenly a thought seemed to occur to the stranger. 'Give me your violin,' he said, and he tuned it clear as a bell. 'Now, look sharp, boy, and collect diligently among the gentle folks.' Then the bow flew over the strings, so that the fiddle sounded like an Amati fiddle. The player did not hear him; his soul was in the music he played. It was a march-like theme, interwoven with manifold variations. At last this piece melted into lovely touching melodies. A large circle of fine ladies and gentlemen had collected about the group. All quickly comprehended that the stranger was playing for the old man and the child, and guldens, yes, even gold pieces flew into the hat. Suddenly the play melted into, 'What is the German Fatherland?' and then it died away.

The fiddler gave back the instrument to the old man, and would just then have disappeared in the crowd had not the director, who had been whispering to the distinguished looking man, stepped up to him and said, 'Sir, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Hessia, wishes to know your name.' He answered: 'I am Ludwig Spohr, from Brunswick.' And now it was whispered from mouth to mouth, 'It is the celebrated Spohr!'

When he arrived at his hotel a royal hunter appeared with a note which read thus:

'My dear Herr Spohr: We were unnoticed witnesses to-day of your noble deed, and admired your extraordinary talent; the invalid and the boy will be supported, but you we appoint director of the court orchestra. Your salary will be worthy of your art. Yours affectionately, William II., Prince of Hesaia.'

The new music director folded his hands and said: 'And withal, people do not believe in a Providence.'—The 'Presbyterian Banner.'

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The Story of the Princes in the Tower.

It was a beautiful June day in 1483. The river Thames glittered in its radiant light, and the playful ripples leapt against the grey walls of the Tower to coax them into throwing a less stern reflection. But though there were sunshine and fair weather in England, they could not find their way into the hearts of her people. Prophecies of coming evil were loud on the tongues of all, and those who passed in the neighborhood of the Tower turned upon its sombre walls eyes that were dimmed with a tearful pity. For within its strong heart lay their rightful king, young Edward V., a boy of eleven, with his brother Richard, Duke of York. Six weeks had passed since, by their uncle's pretended desire for their safety, they had made their home in this gloomy fortress; and now, throwing off the mask of kindness which had enabled him to gain his evil ends, he caused himself to be crowned, and, with all the pomp of a rightful king, had started on a royal progress through England.

Whisperings of these events penetrated the strong walls of the Tower, and reached the ears of the youthful princes. With what anxiety and misgivings they heard them! And what words of comfort could Edward find to soothe the fears of his younger brother? Allowed no liberty, lest the sight of their sorrows should awaken sympathy, the little prisoners roamed together the shadowed corridors and narrow stairways of the Tower, where even to-day we may see the stones their wandering feet have pressed, and the walls that echoed their childish voices.

But on this particular June day a greater sadness than usual oppressed them, and when towards sundown their aimless wanderings had led them to the top of a high turret, they stood before the window to watch the sunlit western sky.

Their attention, however, was soon drawn by the challenge of the guard at the great gate below. A man on horseback, stained by travel, had just arrived, and after showing his credentials was immediately admitted. The boys had watched the proceedings in silence, which little Richard of York finally broke by saying:

'Does this bode us evil, Edward? I like not the look of our new visitor.'

'I know not what to think,' replied the young King, 'but while Sir Robert Brakenbury is Governor of the Tower we have surely a good friend and protector.'

The younger boy was silent, though not wholly reassured, and once more they turned their eyes to the setting sun. It was the last they were to see: the last day of their sad captivity; for ere a fresh dawn lighted the flowing river at the Tower side, they were beyond the reach of Richard's further cruelty.

The man whose arrival had aroused their curiosity was Sir William Tyrrel, sent by the King from Gloucester, with orders that Brakenbury should deliver up the keys of the Tower. This the kindly Governor was obliged to do, and in the dark hours of that night Tyrrel climbed the stairs to the Princes' chamber with two hired ruffians. The young King and his brother were fast asleep. Snatching the pillows from under their heads the murderers pressed them over their faces till suffocation ended in death.

But retribution swiftly fell on King Richard. Deserted by his friends, he died on Bosworth Field, two years later, pierced by innumerable dagger thrusts; yet surely we ought to date his punishment from that fatal night, when, with the murder of his nephews, his peace of mind was slain for evermore!—'Children's Friend.'

The Contest.

(From the Painting by A. M. Rossi.)

How many little boys and girls have kept white mice? Not very many, perhaps. Yet this little girl seems very fond of her two pets, and her gentle ways have made them quite tame.

You may be sure this is not the first time they have tasted those sweet cakes, else they would not be so ready for a race to see who will have the first prize.

What Heathen Children Would do for Us.

It is often very hard to put ourselves in the place of others. We know how we feel now, but we do not know how we should feel if we were situated as others are. The children in this happy land are often called upon to think of those who are in heathenism. It will be pleasant for you to know how these children afar off think about you. Rev. Mr. Paton, a missionary from the New Hebrides Islands, in the far off Pacific Ocean, in an address before a juvenile missionary band in London, told a very interesting story about the success of the work he had been engaged in, and especially about the thoughts of the children there respecting those in England who had sent them the gospel. Here is Mr. Paton's story:

'We have schools, and the little boys and girls come to us often to talk. Generally the boys come by themselves, and the girls by themselves. One day, however, the boys and girls came running all together, looking very eager about something. I asked them what was the matter?

'"Messy," they said, "we want you to promise us something."

'"What is it?"

'"Oh, do promise us you will do it."

'"No," I said, "I must know what it is first, for if I promised and then found I could not perform, I should have to break my word with you."

'"Oh, do promise us just this once," they said.

'"No," I said, "I must know first."

'"Well, Messy, we want you to take us with you to Britannia."

'"Oh," I said; "children, I cannot take you. Britannia is 16,000 miles off. I could not feed you on the way."

'"Oh," they said, "we have thought of that, and we will be content with one biscuit a day if you will only take us."

'"Dear children," I said, "how could you live on one biscuit a day, and then what would you do for water?"

'"Oh, they said, "we will eat half a biscuit in the morning, and if we don't get too hungry we will keep the other half till evening; and if we still get too hungry we will tie a cord tight round our bodies so that we cannot feel the hunger. We do so want to go and see the dear white children. We want to thank them for sending some one to tell us about the dear Lord Jesus."

'"But how would you do when you get to England? Where would you get food from? I have no money to buy you any.'

'"Oh," they said, "if we can only get to Britannia, the dear white children will take care of us."

'"How do you know that?" I asked.

'"Because if any of the dear white children came to see us we would be as kind to them as we could. We would gather bananas for them, and take them home with us, and never let them be hungry or thirsty. We would rather die ourselves than let them suffer, and we know the dear white children would be far kinder to us because they love Jesus so much better, and they know how to serve Him better, because they have known about Him so much longer."

'I said, "Children, you cannot go. Britannia is such a long, long way; you cannot go to thank them, but I will tell you what you can do. You can pray to the dear Lord Jesus and ask Him to bless the dear white children for sending some one to tell you about Him." So they knelt down there and then, and if only you could have heard the earnest prayer of those children for you, I am sure your hearts would have been touched.'—'Mission Dayspring.'

Greedy Benny.

(By Eudora S. Bumstead, in 'Our Little Ones.')

Benny was greedy, I'm grieved to say,
Of all good things that came in his way,
The truth to tell you, he wanted more
Than ever he needed, ten times o'er,
And he wheedled and whined and coaxed and cried,
And often snatched at the thing denied.

He went to visit at grandpa's farm,
And all things there had a novel charm;
But the cream he drank, and the eggs he sucked,
And the rooster's gayest plumes he plucked,
Till all who met him were shocked to see
How greedy and rude a boy he could be.

Of many fruits he had eaten his fill,
When he found a new one prettier still,
So smooth and bright, so glossy and red.
'You mustn't taste that one,' grandma said;
But naughty Benny, so quick and bold,
Crammed in just all that his mouth would hold.

Then his face grew red and his eyelids streamed,
While he gasped and choked and danced and screamed,
'Twas a ripe red pepper so strong and hot,
And oh, what a dreadful dose he got!
Poor grandma pitied his pain and fright,
But the rooster cackled, 'It serves him right!'

—'Our Little Ones.'

Polly White.

(A True Story, in 'Christian Standard.')

I am going to tell you a little story, and it is just as true as it can be. It is about a hen. There were twenty hens in Mr. Penny's yard and some were white and some were black, and some were gray. Tlfis was white, and her name was Polly. One day Mrs. Penny said to the girl in the kitchen, 'Nancy, you may put those duck eggs under Polly White and cover her up with a basket.'

Polly was very young, and had never sat on any eggs before. She thought it would be good fun, but when the basket was put over her she felt as if she should fly. It was not nice to be shut up in the dark. And then she did get so tired. It takes only three weeks to hatch chickens, but it was four weeks before Polly's ducklings came out of the shell. And when they came out how funny they looked. They were very large and yellow, with round bills and very queer feet, and when they tried to walk they waddled. Polly had never seen any ducklings before, and I suppose she thought these creatures were chickens. They did not look like other chickens, to be sure, but she thought they were all the nicer for that. Mamie Penny came out laughing and set a pan of corn meal dough near the back door. Polly was very hungry, but she would not touch one mouthful until she had called her little ones to breakfast. There were twelve of them, and they dipped in their round bills like spoons. After breakfast they rolled up their eyes, and what do you suppose they were thinking about! They were thinking how much they wanted to swim. Wasn't it strange? How did they know anything about swimming? They had never seen any water; they had only seen the blue pump in the yard. But they made up their little minds that they would go and find some water. Now there was a pond behind the barn not very far off. Nobody told them it was there, but they ran that way as fast as they could waddle. Their mother ran after them and tried to stop them, but the moment they saw the water those ducklings jumped right in. Poor Polly! How frightened she was! How she flapped her wings and clucked! She thought they were crazy, and she was sure they would drown. But no, they struck out their little feet and began to swim. It was a pretty sight. They held up their heads and looked very gay. Polly did not know what to think of this, but when she found it did not hurt them at all she was very proud, and liked it as well as they did.

After this they came to the pond every day, and she came with them. She thought there never was such a bright family as hers. They were brighter than their mother, and Polly was ashamed because she could not swim. Well, the next summer came, and Polly sat on some hen's eggs just as the other hens did, and of course she hatched chickens instead of ducklings. She took them down to the pond the very first thing. Wasn't it queer that she should remember about it? But they would not go into the water. She clucked and scolded and almost pushed them in, but it was of no use; they couldn't swim and they wouldn't try. Polly was very angry. Such bad chickens! Why they were worse than worse she thought, and she would not be their mother another minute. You will laugh, but Polly turned and went home. The chickens followed, but she drove them back. They peeped and she pecked them with her bill. They were hungry, but she gave them no dinner or supper. When night came she would not take them under her wing, but went to roost with some other hens on a pole in the barn. The poor little chickens felt sorry, but she never forgave them for not learning to swim. And so they had to grow up without any mother. Don't you think this is a droll story? And wasn't Polly very bright for a hen, with a head not as big as a walnut?

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 26.

The Review.

Golden Text.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John xx., 31.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 20.—John i., 1-18.
Tuesday, March 21.—John ii., 1-11.
Wednesday, March 22.—John iii., 1-15.
Thursday, March 23.—John iv., 1-14.
Friday, March 24.—John v., 1-15.
Saturday, March 25.—John vii., 37-46.
Sunday, March 26.—John viii., 31-40.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The early Church did well to select an eagle as the emblem of St. John. He soars high and sees far. The product of his pen is the most valuable portion of the Bible. It has been called the gospel of eternity and the heart of Christ. His style is unique. He does not attempt a minute or chronological narrative. His writing is an argument. He states a proposition and addresses himself to the maintaining of it. His purpose is to cause the reader to believe that Jesus is the Christ. His method is to take scenic incidents and typical persons and report Jesus' words in connection with them so that there may be reciprocal illumination. He calls the reader to a halt that he may reflect, he epitomizes the argument, makes application, and before he closes swings the golden censer of praise to God.

Peculiar interest attaches to John's person as well as to his writing. An incident illustrates his character. It may, of course, be apocryphal, but Eusebius and Clement both affirm it to be true. The apostle left a young man in care of a certain bishop to be instructed. On his next visit he surprised the bishop by asking for his 'deposit.' The bishop denied that he had any 'deposit,' supposing St. John meant money. Then the apostle said, 'I demand the young man.' The bishop reluctantly admitted that he had allowed the catechumen to apostatize, and that he had become a robber chief. The apostle mounted a horse and put himself in the way of being captured by the robber in order that he might reclaim him. And in this he is said to have succeeded. If this tradition and others like it are true, sacred art has done an injustice to St. John when it has pictured him as effeminate. He was, in fact, a bundle of paradoxes: a fisherman, yet having social access to the high priest's palace; a Galilean, yet intimately familiar with Judea; of none of the schools, yet penning the noblest thing in literature; gentle, yet a son of thunder.

John's Gospel is the oral teaching of his whole ministry reduced to writing. It is a restatement of apostolic doctrine by the last living apostle. It is not a mere supplement to the other Gospels. He did not merely bring up the rear for the purpose of gleaning what others had passed by. He takes great scenic events, six miracles (or signs, as he significantly calls them) and three parables. He gives the setting and background of each and then interprets, or, better, makes the Lord his own interpreter by recording his sayings in the connection. Thus, by a series of clusters of sayings, deeds, and events, he makes what Origen did not hesitate to call 'the main Gospel.'

There is not in literature a finer example of adaptation of style to subject. The noblest and profoundest thought is here clothed in language ample and royal. What the Sistine frescoes are in art, the exordium of the fourth Gospel is to written speech. Yet with all its stateliness there is an inherent simplicity. The similarity between the opening of the Book of Genesis and the opening of this Gospel will be readily recognized. The prologue is in the form of Hebrew poetry, which consists largely of the recurrence of previously expressed thoughts with altered phrase and added meaning.

John the Evangelist paints a noble and fadeless portrait of John the Baptist. He was intensely human. He had like passions to those of other men. The glory of it is that with these he yet acted divinely in a great national crisis. And that not because irresistibly impelled by a power external to himself. His ascetic life was a rational protest to the voluptuousness of his age. His solitariness rebuked the self-interested combinations in Church and State. He sought the desert that he might think to a finish a patriotic course of conduct and might fortify his soul with those matured convictions of truth which would inure him even to martyrdom. When at length he felt he was ready to speak and some at least ready to hear he went to the place where the most people would naturally congregate.

Now follow two illuminating incidents—the calling of the first disciples and the working of the first miracle. To them attaches the natural interest in first things. Origins always fascinate. Every book of genesis is attractive. This is the beginning of the Christian Church. The interest ordinarily attaching to the start of things is in this instance greatly enhanced by the sacred character of the institution, its phenomenal history, and its world-wide and beneficent effects.

The visit of Nicodemus to Jesus ought to be viewed in the light of events then transpiring. The breach between the officials of the Hebrew Church and the reforming rabbi had already begun. Nicodemus rose superior to the prejudice of his clique and visited the Teacher. Wonder is not that he came at night, but that he came at all. What nonplussed Nicodemus was to be told that he could only come into the kingdom as the proselyte came into the Hebrew Church. He considered himself a charter member. To find that it was not a question of higher or lower seat, but of any seat at all, was what dumbfounded him.

The scenes shift swiftly in this absorbingly interesting panorama. Jesus' conversation with the woman at Jacob's well, to whom he makes his first categorical declaration of Messiahship. The healing of the nobleman's son is a history of the generation, growth, and fruitage of faith all in epitome. Jesus, at the Pool of Bethesda, is a picture of his sympathy and power. The event also marks the beginning of official hostility to Jesus.

There is a philosophic continuity in John's presentation of incidents which is far more effective than a bald chronological series. He does not do violence to chronology, but he is not hampered by it. His purpose is to show the evolution of Jesus' character and work. Next in this order comes the miracle of the loaves and fishes, followed by the appearance of Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacles, and closing with the miracle of the healing of the man born blind. This latter miracle was like so many others, an acted parable. Jesus refused to enter with his disciples into the current and favorite speculation which summed itself in the question whether the man or his parents were sinners; whether the suffering was sign of sin, and the degree of it indicated the degree of sin. He turned from splitting hairs to opening eyes. It pleased him to condescend to the use of the crude materia medica of the day in order to strengthen the growing faith of the unfortunate man and to make the cure the more conspicuous. John's glowing narrative gives us a dissolving view, fascinating and impressive. The pitiful mendicant fades away, and in his stead appears a glorious confessor, witty and dauntless, meet to be enrolled in the noble army of the faithful.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 26.—Topic—Christian Endeavor comradeship: with other churches at home, and with distant lands. Acts xvii., 24-28; John xvii., 20, 21.

C. E. Topic.

WILLING WORKERS.

Monday, March 20.—Women workers. Ex. xxxv., 25, 26.

Tuesday, March 21.—With hearts to work. Ex. xxxvi., 2.

Wednesday, March 22.—Called to be workers. Ex. xxxi., 1-6.

Thursday, March 23.—Wise-hearted workers. Ex. xxxv., 10.

Friday, March 24.—Labor of love. Heb. vi., 10-12.

Saturday, March 25.—A mind to work. Neh. iv., 6.

Sunday, March 26.—Topic—A story of some willing workers. Ex. xxxv., 30-35; xxxvi., 1-7.

A boy watched a large building as the workmen from day to day carried up brick and mortar. 'My son,' said his father, 'you seem much interested in the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?'

'No,' he replied, I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what houses are built by laying one brick upon another.'—Selected.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Mar. 4, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The North Sea Inquiry—Conclusions of the two Governments—The 'Times,' London.
A Compromise—Findings of the North Sea Commission—The New York 'Times.'
The Tsar and His People—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Yellow Peril—Baron Suyematsu's Statements—The Morning 'Post,' London.
The King's Speech—English Papers.
Canada Its Own Defender—The Boston 'Herald.'
The Colonies and the Fiscal Controversy—The 'Spectator,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain at Gainsborough—English Papers.
The Church's Message for To-day—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Dr. Osler's Defence of His Theory—The 'World,' New York.
Child Labor—The 'Outlook,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Mezzotints—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Sousa and His Band—By E. A. Baughan, in the 'Outlook,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Plow of the Lord—Poem, by Henry Franklin Thurston.
The Illness of My Muse—By H. Belloc, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Joseph Conrad—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Visit to an Enchanted City—Mr. Landon's 'Lhasa'—The 'Daily Mail,' London.
The American in Fiction—The 'Outlook,' London.
The Provincial Women of America—The 'Westminster Gazette.'
Novels for the Middle-Aged—The Springfield 'Republican.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Standard Schools—Ten Years' Work in Maine—The Boston 'Herald.'
Home of the Fairies—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Eclipse Expeditions Planned for August—The New York 'Times.'
Mysteries of the Perfumer's Art—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Milk Bottles of Paper—'American Medicine.'

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

PASSING EVENTS.

$1.50 a year to any postal address the world over. Agents wanted. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

Substitute for Brandy.

(Dr. J. J. Ridge, in the 'Canadian Royal Templar.')

For faintness, palpitation, or relief of pain, such as colic:

(1) Water, as hot as can be conveniently swallowed, either alone or slightly sweetened, to be sipped. Even cold water sipped stimulates the heart.

(2) Ginger tea: one teaspoonful to the teacupful of boiling water; sweeten; sip hot.

(3) Herb tea: a teaspoonful of powdered sage, mint, or similar herb, to a teacupful of boiling water; sweeten; sip hot. Camomile tea, taken warm, is specially suitable for the colic of infants.

(4) Meat extract: a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract of Bovril in a wineglassful of water, with herb flavoring if preferred.

(5) Other measures: flapping the face and chest with a cold, wet towel; putting the hands in hot water; ammonia, or smelling salts to the nostrils with a feather, etc.

The Saloonkeepers' Button.

The wearing of buttons for badges and lodge emblems has been indefinitely extended, till now a well-recognized form of advertising is that of distributing printed buttons as souvenirs. One of the most remarkable buttons we have heard of is that issued by the saloonkeepers of Birmingham, England, in the agitation over compensation for public-houses that might be closed by any measures tending to reduce the liquor evil. The buttons bore the inscription: 'Justice to all. Compensation for Confiscation,' and were distributed among thousands of sympathetic customers. The wearers evidently saw but one side of the sermon their buttons preached. The saloonkeeper filches from his customers hard-earned wages, position, home, family, honor, everything that is desirable in this world—and where is the compensation he gives?

If this evil traffic claims a right to pursue its course unmolested, let it be chargeable at least with the financial outlay that its products demand. Let the saloonkeepers and the brewers support the jails, the inebriate refuges, the workhouses, the orphanages, the lunatic asylums for which they, on the testimony of the best authorities, are so largely responsible. That is the kind of 'Compensation for Confiscation' we believe in. That will be some approximation to 'Justice to all.'

Juvenile Smoking.

The British Parliament at its last session passed a 'juvenile smoking prevention act,' which is severe enough in its prohibitions and penalties to encourage the anti-cigarette crusaders to persevere in Canada. All persons under sixteen are forbidden to smoke or use tobacco in any form under penalty of a fine not exceeding two dollars and a half for each offence. Any dealer who supplies tobacco in any form to persons under sixteen is liable to a fine not exceeding five dollars for the first offence, and ten dollars for a second offence; the penalty for a third offence is deprivation of license for five years.—'Canadian Royal Templar.'

Germany.

It would appear from the signs of the times that the German Emperor has his eye on the drink curse, and is seriously considering the advisability of running his army on teetotal lines. The canteens are being experimented with, and amongst others the important ones at Nuremberg have kept nothing for months past but non-intoxicating drink, and it is stated that the intention is to abolish the giving of brandy and beer as army rations.

The German Government are bringing forward a new measure to restrict the drink traffic. It is apparently a very great sham, but still is in the right direction. Saloon-keepers must also keep on sale milk, tea, coffee, etc., and food. Barmaids are restricted in number and the giving of credit abolished. The German temperance forces appear to be fairly active, hence the movement in Government circles.

The 'National Zeitung' gives some particulars of a revolt of Poles in the town of Thorn. It appears the inn-keepers and restaurant-keepers refuse to allow the Poles the use of rooms for their meetings, and the latter are so indignant that at a large meeting held recently they unanimously passed the following resolution:—'That money spent on alcoholic liquors goes, for the most part, into the pockets of the men who refuse us the use of their halls and rooms for meetings and theatrical performances. Besides, this alcohol is very prejudicial to health. We therefore look upon the fight against alcohol, and the spread of total abstinence as of the utmost national and social importance, and resolve to further them to the utmost of our ability.'

In this case the protesters had knowledge, but they failed to live up to the light till a species of persecution drove them to it. In our own land the people know the truth also, but do it not.—'Temperance Leader.'

'The Moderation.'

(B. E. Slade, in the 'Alliance News.')

'I've a good mind to try the new move myself, mother; brother Bill seems to 'a' done well on't at present,' and Jacob Beverley replaced his pipe in his mouth, and gave a reflective puff at it.

'Well, fayther, if ye've set yer mind on it, I won't say nothin' to hender ye,' answered the good wife, pausing in her work of clearing the supper table; 'you knows I never was over partial to the beer-barrel, not even when I've a-filled it myself with home-brewed. But I'm a-thinking you'll miss yer half-pints more than you knows on till you've tried it.'

'Oh, well, I dunno; brother Bill can do athout, I daresay I can.'

'Well, it's such as he ought to sign the pledge, but I don't feel sure he's a-goin' to stand it for long.'

'P'raps it might help him a bit if I signed,' rejoined the old man thoughtfully.

'P'raps so. Well, I won't put no hendrance in yer road, Jacob.'

She went about her work, and he sat still in the doorway, smoking and thinking. The mellow light of a summer evening streamed across him, and lit up the cottage windows with streaks of fiery red. The windows were diamond-paned, and the cottage was low and thatched. In these days it would be old-fashioned, but in those, it was the cottage of the period. The old man had a worn, rusty 'wide-awake' pushed back over his white hair, and wore a long frock smock and corduroy trousers, hitched up in the legs with narrow leather belts. He had spent his whole life upon the same farm, and his one ambition in life was to keep off the parish longer than any other man in his own station in the neighborhood. His wife's appearance matched his. She wore the 'winsey' gown, the little plaid shoulder shawl, and the black net cap, with its rosettes of purple ribbon, that the elderly women of her class affected at that time.

Teetotalism was young in those days, and its introduction had caused quite a stir in the place, and though the novelty was wearing off now, the movement was still making some headway. 'Brother Bill' was not the only slave to the drink-tyrant for whom the bell of hope had rung in that clarion cry—

'We'll fight and fight, and fight, and fight,
Against King Alcohol!'

Everybody—except his old pals—agreed that it was a good thing Bill had signed the pledge, but nobody had seemed to think it necessary for his brother to take the same step. Jacob had always taken his half-pint, and had very rarely been seen to become 'the worse' for it, and, of course, on special days, such as fairs and club revels, it was not to be noticed if any person—man or woman—grew a little 'fresh,' or 'elevated.'

Yes, Jacob was a sober man; but all the same, as he sat thinking in the glow of the sunset, he decided that he could do quite as well without his beer, and there would be a few more shillings to add to the hardly earned store laid up in that stocking of his wife's.

'Bill's thinkin' o' goin' over to see Sally tomorrer, mother,' he said presently; 'he's goin' to borrer the spring cart and the old grey mare, and I dunno but what I shall have a drive over with him. Should you like to go?'

But the old lady's limbs were affected with rheumatism, and she was afraid of the shaking; so when morning came, with its Sabbath leisure, there were only the two men to start out together.

It was a hot day, and they had some miles to go. By the time they reached the village in which their sister lived, they were beginning to feel the effects of their journey.

'I s'pose we must put up at "The Moderation,"' said Bill, who was the driver; 'Sally and Joe hadn't got no accommodation there for the hoss. Shall we go there on our way up?'

But Jacob was of opinion that they had far better go first to Sally's house—Joe might like to go up and have 'half-a-pint'—for the house would be open by the time they reached it. He knew his brother-in-law's character pretty well; he was in the habit of 'standing a drink' on the occasions of these visits, and that pledge of his, which was to help Bill, and save his pence, had not been taken. Besides, even if he should make up his mind to forego his own indulgence, he would never dream of appearing so stingy as to refrain from treating others when necessity arose.

As for Bill, if he felt a little anxious about the visit to the inn, like men in general, he was ashamed to own it.

'The Moderation' was a real, quaint old English inn. It stood by the roadside, in the most conspicuous place that could be found. Its vine-wreathed walls, spacious court, and bright flower-beds would have caught the attention of all passers-by, even had there been no sign to make it out as an object of special interest. But it had a sign—and such a sign as few, if any, modern inns could boast. Indeed, one wonders, regarding it from this distant point of time, whether it could be found now, preserved among the relics of olden times, in any private collection of curiosities. It surely should have found a place in the British Museum.

The artist's fancy had expended itself freely upon three figures. The first of the trio was an object of misery. A red, swollen nose, bleared eyes, a blotched skin, and bloated body, barely covered with 'rags and tatters,' betokened his character. The third was long and lank, with a cadaverous face, an attenuated form, and an expression of unutterable melancholy and ill-health. But the central figure was a contrast to both—smiling, jovial, and manly, the picture of health, prosperity, and good-humor. And the public were invited to the study of the allegory thus presented, by the following lines—in themselves a work of art:—

'Be wise, my worthy son, and happy be, my daughter!
Be not drunk with drinking ale, nor starve yourselves with water,
Just look! see how excess has marred the beauty of our brother,
And what a shade has water made of skin and bones, the other!
But mark the perfect, handsome man, set for your imitation,
And take your glass, my lad and lass, and drink in moderation.

Such was the little country tavern which lured within its doors, that Sabbath day, the new convert to teetotalism and the undecided moderate drinker.

To do Jacob justice, he had a thought of uneasiness for Bill, and suggested that he might remain with Sally, and let the others take the horse to be put up. But Sally, hearing thus of Bill's new departure, burst into a hearty laugh, and told him she never thought he would be such a 'softy;' he had better go and learn that verse by heart up at 'The Moderation.'

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Fortune, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have a dog named 'Togo,' being called after Admiral Togo; I also have a canary named 'Dick.' I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. My studies are: Geography, history, reading, algebra, arithmetic, hygiene and English grammar. We like our teacher very well. I do not live very far from the school or from the church. My father is a merchant. We have two saw-mills. We had five schooners, but we sold two of them; also we have a little steamer called the 'Lake.' One of our saw-mills was burnt down last year, so we had to get more works for it.

BERT L.

South Branch, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have six brothers and two sisters. My papa lumbers in the winter and farms in the summer. He has a large stock—forty head of cattle and six horses. We go to the Baptist church.

BERTIE J. McQ. (age 12).

Suffield, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' and I hope to see it in print. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and think it is a lovely paper. Our school has been closed for quite a while; it was too cold to keep it any longer. We are having lots of snow here now and most all the farmers are hauling wood. I have three sisters and three brothers. I will have to close, as it is nearly dinner time.

PEARL J. (age 13).

Maggie V. L. (age 11), Dunraven, Que.

'A Goose,' Harmon J. MacK. (11), Cleveland, C. Breton.

Monkton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for thirty-five years. We live two miles west of Monkton. There is no railway near us yet, but they are going to build one next summer. Part of it is graded now. I go to school every day. I am in the junior fourth class. My favorite subjects are arithmetic and history. I live on a farm of seventy-five acres. We have two horses, fourteen head of cattle, and seven sheep.

ELLA F.

Brockville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother goes to the collegiate in town, and he takes the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day, and we have lots of fun. We jump on sleighs. My teacher's name is Miss G. M. We have had two fires in our town. The carriage works burned down, and a house was burned, but not completely burned down. We are going to have our entertainment over again. Our teacher is getting the Masons Hall for it. It was a very stormy night the first time, and there were not many people there. My father is a carriage maker. I suppose Santa Claus was at all the little girls' houses last Christmas. He was at our house, and he brought me a set of dishes and a picture-book named 'The Night Before Christmas,' and I also received a bank and a table from my grandmother.

EVA C.

St. Ives, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I got a great many presents for Christmas, and I will tell you some of the gifts I received. I got a cap, two books, a doll, a workbox, some real fancy candles, a handkerchief, a chain, and many other things that are not so important. We live two miles from the school, but are driven morning and evening in the winter. Some of the games that we play at school are: Still mouse, New York Ship loaded, Snap, Pack the Trunk, and a great many others.

KATHLEEN S.

Enderby, B.C.

Dear Editor,—This is a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. I go to school, and there are two rooms in the school. I am in the primary department. There is a railway running through this valley, and a train comes from the east in the morning, and goes back at night. There is a printing office and a hall, besides three churches. There is about five inches of snow now. This is one of the finest climates in Canada. I have one brother named Charlie, aged five years. One sister, Aggie, aged sixteen months, and one sister dead. For pets we have a cat and a dog. I have read a number of books, among them: 'Oliver Twist,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Our Bessie.' I will write again.

GERTIE H. (aged 10).

'The Sparrow,' Ada E. C. (age 13), Folly Village, N.S.

Watson's Corners.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have four sisters and two brothers. My teacher's name is Miss Edna W. We all like her very much. I am in the third reader.

FLORENCE A. D.

Centreville, King's Co.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and I am in grade five, geography, health reader, history and No. 2 Arithmetic. I have one little brother and one sister. I take music lessons. I have two kittens, and when I go to practice the kittens come and jump up on the organ and listen to me playing. My papa logs in the woods, and to-day I thought I would like to go with him, so we went a piece, but I fell off the bob-sled and it went over me, and I scratched and bruised my face and hurt my arm. I go to Sunday-school, and take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. Last summer papa and mamma and my brother and sister and myself drove a hundred and ninety-five miles to see my grandpa and grandma and aunts. I had a beautiful time. I went trouting, and I saw men driving logs at a place where they could be taken to a mill to be sawed into lumber. We stood on a big bridge and saw them go under it. It is a beautiful sight to see logs floating down the river. I hope my letter isn't too long.

F. K.

Bexley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I am a little boy ten years old. We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and would miss it very much if we did not get it. I go to school every day, and like my teacher very well. There is about an average of twenty scholars at our school. I expect to get in the third book soon.

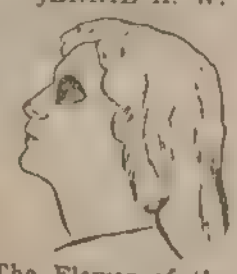
NELSON G. B.

Coleman, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one, too. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much. I procured five new subscribers for the 'Messenger' last year, and received a nice Bagster Bible, which was very nice. I go to school every day. I like going very well. I am in the fifth reader. I like reading very much. I have read a good many books. I will tell you the names of some of them: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Lamplighter,' and the 'Pansy' books. I have three brothers, but no sister. I am the only girl in the family. We used to live in Freetown, but we moved to Coleman last May.

JENNIE A. W.

'A Little Spill,' Robert H. (age 11), Bush Glen, Ont.



'The Flower of the Family,' Wright B. (age 13), Rideau View, Ont.

Sunderland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sisters are both writing, so I am getting my sister Laura to write for me. We three girls and one boy practised for two Christmas trees last Christmas, so we were kept pretty busy at the Baptist Sunday-school. I was in a dialogue, where we represented the different nations. My sister Laura was Irish, and she wore shamrocks all over her dress, which was white. We all wore white, that is, everybody who took part did. I was an United Empire Loyalist, and wore red tissue paper roses, and we had hoop, drills, flag drills, recitations and songs. There were twenty numbers on the programme, and a large Christmas tree. At the Presbyterian tree we had a sunflower chorus by ten girls dressed as sunflowers, and a dialogue called 'The Dolls' Hospital,' and songs and recitations. My sister Laura had a recitation of 257 lines, and it took her eleven minutes to say it. In mine I had to throw kisses. I got thirteen gifts for Christmas, among which was a big doll. My sister is tired of writing, so I will close.

QUEENIE MAY P.

Kingsville.

Dear Editor,—I go to day school and Sunday-school. I get the 'Messenger' from Sunday-school. I like to go to both of them. For pets I have two cats, two chickens, and one lamb. I have one sister. I am twelve years old. I have seen letters from girls about my age. With best wishes to all.

EDNA M. M.

Beulah, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live at Mr. D.'s place. It is two miles from Beulah. I go to school. I am in the third book, and I am twelve years old. I have not a father, just a mother, a brother and one sister. I was at church and Sunday-school this morning. I put five cents in the collection. Clare D. is the secretary.

M. J. G.

'Papa's Racer,' Robert —, (age 13), Rideau View, Ont.

'Snow-White Swans,' Isobel I. (age 14), Rideau View, Ont.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—We read the 'Messenger' every week, and take much interest in the Correspondence Page, and not noticing a letter from this district, we thought we would write a short one. Prince Albert has lately been incorporated into a city. It has many fine public buildings. It is divided into two parts, East and West Prince Albert. The eastern part has mills, stores and many fine dwellings, while the western part is the business end of the city. We have a large skating and curling rink, which give many people much pleasure.

M. and G. B.

Albany Cross, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years of age. I have no mother or brothers or sisters. I had a sister, but she died. Her name was Rosanna Lillah May. My mother died on April 1, 1901. I live with my father, and do all the work. I bake bread, cake, pies, I scrub, wash, and iron. I hooked two lovely mats last winter. I love to do housework. I can sew, knit and do other things too numerous to mention. I take the little paper, the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. It is a friend for father and myself. I look forward eagerly to its coming every week. I went to school to Miss Annie F, and when the school was finished my teacher made me the present of this little paper. I have a great many friends. I live two miles south of Albany Cross, on a small farm. Father says that there has been about 60 moose killed right around here since last fall. A few days ago I saw a beautiful moose come up in our pasture a few rods from the house. It was handsome. I am in the sixth grade at school. I do not go to school this winter, as it is too far to go in the deep snow. I have a mile and a half to go to the school. For pets I have a horse and three cats.

ROSIE MAUD D.

Moore's Mills, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My favorite author is 'Pansy.' I have read many books. I am collecting postage stamps. We started a temperance army in our Sunday-school lately, and twenty-seven joined on the first day, including mamma, my two brothers and myself. 'Au revoir.'

ALICE M. L.

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Postal Union Countries other than the above, postage extra.

HOUSEHOLD.

When I Go Home.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low,
When the black, uncertain shadows
See wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsing vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away,
And it seems that the band of angels
On mystic harps at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording:
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn's rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—Eugene Field.

How to Have Fresh Ribbons.

It is the small things that contribute most to a girl's neat appearance, and nothing detracts more from the looks of a girl than soiled or wrinkled ribbons if she wears them on her hair or for neck ribbons, and it is necessary to take care of them if she would like to keep them fresh and dainty looking. The ribbons will keep clean longer and look far daintier if they are smoothed out after each wearing and wound carefully over a roller. A small toy rolling pin is nice for this purpose, and can be bought for a trifle. When the ribbons have become wrinkled they can be freshened by dampening slightly, on the wrong side, then lay them on a clean board and leave them to dry. In cleaning ribbons, great care must be taken to keep them from becoming creased, as the creases are very hard to remove, and the best way to clean them is to lay them on a smooth, clean table and scrub with a small brush, or a piece of the ribbon dipped in the cleaning fluid. Black ribbons can be freshened by sponging with well strained cold coffee or with equal parts of alcohol and water, and if any stiffness is desired, rub the ribbon with dissolved gum arabic and water and leave it to dry. Short lengths of ribbon can be dried by drawing them smoothly over a mable-top table or a large window-pane, when they will require no ironing but will have a fresh, new appearance. Many use gasoline for cleaning ribbons, and it cleans readily, but is liable to leave a yellow tinge, and the most satisfactory method of cleaning ribbons is to sponge them with a warm pearline suds and if they are carefully cleaned and pressed they come through the process looking as good as new. After rinsing the ribbons, smooth with the hands and hang on the line to drip, and when partly dry, iron on the wrong side with a piece of thin muslin between the iron and the ribbon, but for black ribbons a piece of thin black goods should be used.—'The Living Church.'

An Old-Fashioned Rule.

(Mrs. O. W. Scott, in 'Union Signal.')

'There! I'm all out of patience with Emma,' and Mrs. Stubbs hung her sunbonnet behind the kitchen door with an air of finality.

'What's the trouble now, Aunt Fanny?' said I, looking up from my writing.

'Oh, its that little boy of hers. He wanted some pennies for candy and she said No, she couldn't let him go to the store,—it wasn't a good place for little boys. Well, he teased and whined and then began to cry, and finally lay down on the floor and kicked and screamed with all his might. I was trying to give her my rule for green tomato pickles—she'd lost hers—but 'twasn't any use; I had to stop talking.'

'Because the youngster "had the floor"?' I ventured.

'Yes, literally. Emma couldnt stand it, and pretty soon she jumped up and took three cents out of the drawer and, says she, "Henry De Witt Stubbs, stop that noise and go get your candy."'

'Why, Aunt Fanny!'

'Yes, she did, and it was surprising to see how soon Henry recovered himself. He hopped up and ran like a deer down street. Then I said, "Emma, I think you need a rule for raising boys mor'n you do for pickles." And she says, "Why, Aunt Fanny, what would you do? You don't know my Henry—he would have screamed till to-morrow morning if he hadn't got his pennies." And then I says to her real plain, "Emma, nothing would do the child more good than an old-fashioned spanking." "Oh! she sort of gasped, "I couldn't be so cruel. That's all gone past. We must rule by love." "Yes," I says, "rule by love, but you've lost your rule same's you have for pickles. You'll have trouble with that boy if you don't control him and teach him to control himself. You've let Henry have his own way till he thinks he must have it, and judging from what I've seen he knows how to get it!"'

'What did Cousin Emma say to that?' I asked.

'She looked real sober, and she says, "I don't see how anybody's to know what's right. Some say one thing and some another, but they all say you mustn't punish. When I try to control Henry he screams so I'm afraid he'll burst a blood vessel. You know I never could bear to hear him cry," says she. And that's true. All through babyhood Emma would give him everything he wanted, just because she couldn't bear to hear him cry.'

'But she would better have let him cry a little while he was a baby than to cry a great deal herself over him when he grows older,' said I.

'So I've told her time and again,' responded Aunt Fanny as she tied on her apron and sat down to slice her tomatoes.

After an interval of several years I visited Aunt Fanny again, and it was not long before she spoke of Cousin Emma's trials. 'You remember Henry, I presume. Well, since my nephew died the boy takes more liberty than ever. He has his own way in everything, and is going with a set of young men that are a disgrace to the village. Emma's almost heartbroke over him. She's always consoled herself with the thought that when he got old enough he'd see things different, but it's like being crosseyed—time don't cure the slant. She's said time and again, "Henry hasn't inherited any bad habits, for none of our family on either side used tobacco or whiskey 'way back as far as I can trace." But, good land! he smokes cigarettes just as if his grandfather had used a pipe all his life—and he's only twelve years old.'

During my visit the afflicted mother told me her story and asked my advice, but by this time she was so afraid that Henry would run away if she attempted to discipline him that it was useless to recommend strenuous measures.

Again the years passed, and my third glimpse of Henry was through a letter from Aunt Fanny:

'I don't suppose you've forgotten your cousin Emma's Henry,' she wrote. 'He has just been arrested for breaking into a store with some of his companions. His mother is sure he didn't realize what he was doing, for the boys had been drinking—so they found out afterwards—and were out for a "racket," as the paper calls it. People remember what honest, upright men his father and grandfather were, and probably he'll be let off without much trouble, but he spent one night in jail, and Emma feels terribly about that. She says the old name is disgraced, and that a boy who's been in jail can't outgrow it, etc. It's as much as I can do to keep from saying, "I told you so," but I won't, for the poor soul has all she can bear now. I presume when he gets clear he'll go West or to the Philippines, but I tell Emma he can't get too far away for God to reach him, and she must keep praying. But, after all, deep in my soul I don't think it's best to wait for any such miracles of grace, and that's what I'm writing to you in this particular way for. You can get things printed and I can't, though sometimes I think my experiences would help folks as much as my "tried and true" rules for cooking and pickling, which go all over our neighborhood and 'way down to East Pepperill.

'What I want said is this: that with all the different plans for bringing up children that are put forth in these days, one thing mustn't be forgotten. The mothers must guide and control their children when they're little, real little, if they don't want to lost their chance. I don't say they need to be severe or cruel—that ain't right—but I do say they've got to be firm—real firm. Babies ain't set on their feet all to once, like calves and colts, but they are babies to give father and mothers a chance to teach them best ways of doing; and I've learned that when you've taught a child self-control you've given him a pretty good start. I honestly believe that half the selfishness and wilfulness and nervousness we hear about is because children don't know what to do with themselves. And when they grow up they are restless and uneasy and then find lots of people that want the very things they want, and so they're ready to fly all to pieces. Maybe you'll say that nervousness is a disease, and so 'tis, but the person that's learned to hold himself with a firm hand wont have it half so bad and will get over it quicker than the other kind. But I didn't mean to talk medically. I was thinking of Henry, and how he's always had his own way, and now when he's tempted to go to the saloon he goes, just as he used to go for his candy after kicking and screaming on the floor. Oh, my heart aches for poor Emma, crying her eyes out this minute over him! And I say to myself, "If you'd only been firm with him when he was a baby he needn't have turned out like this." But you can tell the mothers in better language than mine, and anyhow, it's time to get dinner.'

But I think Aunt Fanny's 'language' is all right, and I hand on her message, with a prayer that it may help those for whom it is intended.

She did not expect too much for her friends.

She made whatever work she had to do congenial.

She did not lose sight of her illusions and would not think all the world wicked and unkind.

She helped the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.—'Christian Age.'

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What did we Catch?

When we went fishing, Maud and I
Within the shadowed waters nigh
The moss bank, that summer day,
The speckled trout in safety lay.

What did we catch? You ask in vain,
If all the angler has to gain
Is trophy of the hook and line.
Then ask his comrades home to dine.

We caught a glimpse of summer skies,
And as we watched a skylark rise
From out the azure depths so fair
We caught the song that thrilled the air.

The fragrant breath of tall pine trees
We caught from every passing breeze,
And in the waters calm and clear
The trout flashed by without a fear.

What did we catch? The joy of life,
And freedom from all care and strife;
We caught the smile on nature's face
In that enchanted, happy place.

Oh, many days have passed away
Since Maud and I that summer day
Caught hope and joy and visions fair,
And left the trout to nature's care.
—Kate Kelsey, in 'Northwestern Advocate.'

The Dress of the Hindoo Women.

There has been no change in Indian women's dress for four thousand years. All wear the sari, a single piece of stuff a yard and a quarter wide, ten, twenty, thirty yards long. It is arranged on the body, and forms skirt, garment, veil; first pleated with the hand in accordian folds in front, wound round and round, and the richest end, if embroidered or woven with gold, finally brought over the head. It may be of simple cotton cloth; of silk, plain in design, woven with golden threads; solid with embroidery; strung with pearls; or of Kincob, the royal cloth of gold. Some cost thousands of rupees. No pin, hook, button or string. The garment is formed on the architecture of the body and takes its expression and nobility from its perfect harmony with the lines of the human form. And Indian women, whether of high or low class, have jewels everywhere, have sleeping-gems and day-gems, as we have day and night-shirts.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

Marriage Tends to Perfection

Voltaire said: 'The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right, and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat without an oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards or commit crime against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts were laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, unsuited. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the counsel, the affection, the example and the interest of his "better half," keep him from his erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore, the friend to marriage is the friend to society and to his country.'

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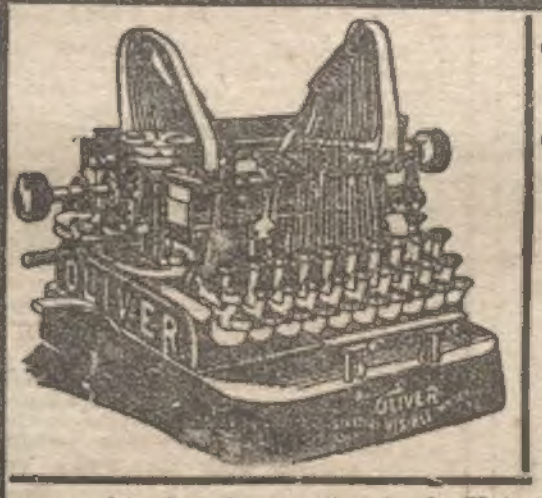

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TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

Hints to the Housekeepers.

A little salt added to the water in which colored clothes are rinsed will in many cases prevent the running of the color.

When washing windows, put a couple of tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil in the pail of hot water you are using, and the glass will be cleaner and brighter.

Common table salt is excellent for cleaning the teeth and removing tartar from them. It also hardens tender gums. Wet the brush and apply to the salt and use as any other dentrifrice.

A lump of charcoal in a pot of boiling cabbage will take up most of the bad odor, but if you keep the charcoal out and never allow the cabbage to come quite to a boil, you will have about as little smell and better cabbage.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic. A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

Marks on the kitchen walls, which have been made by careless hands in striking the matches, will disappear if rubbed with the cut surface of a lemon, then with a cloth dipped in whitening. Wash the surface with warm soap and water and quickly wipe with a clean cloth wrung from clear water.

Keep a flour-barrel elevated at least two inches from the floor on a rack, to allow a current of air to pass under it, and to prevent dampness collecting at the bottom. Do not allow any groceries or provisions with a strong odor near the flour-barrel. Nothing absorbs odors more certainly than flour.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

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COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Never put butter, meat or any other edible away in the paper in which it comes from the store. Think a moment of the deleterious substances which go to the composition of paper—wood-pulp, rags, glue, acid and chemicals. It is obvious that these should not be allowed to come in contact with food.

Selected Recipes.

Steamed Prune Pudding.—Beat two eggs until light and thick. Add one cupful of milk, one cupful of sugar one and one-half cupful of prunes measured after they have been soaked, pitted and quartered, one-half of a cupful of chopped beef suet, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and sufficient flour to make a very thick batter stirring in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder before all the flour has been added. Turn into a greased pudding mould with cover and steam for one hour and a half. Serve with a liquid sauce.

Pulled Bread.—When making bread take the dough reserved for one loaf and divide it into quarters. Grease the hands with soft butter or lard, roll three of the pieces out into long pieces an inch thick and eighteen inches or more in length. Lay side by side and, beginning in the middle, braid loosely down to one end. Turn upside down and braid to the

other end; in this way the greatest thickness will be in the centre. Divide the fourth piece of dough into three and braid in the same way. Pinch the ends, lay the smaller braid on the larger one, and place the loaf on a greased pan. When very light bake in a moderate oven. Let stand until partly cooled, then pull the strips apart, lay them on a shallow pan and place in a cool oven until they are golden brown all over and rather dry. Serve with cheese in a salad course or for luncheon or for tea.

Pineapple Fritters.—Make a batter with half a pint of milk, two eggs and sufficient flour to make it the consistency of thick cream. Cut off as many thin slices of pineapple as you require and dip them into the batter. With a large spoon take up a slice of the pineapple, with enough batter to cover it. Drop this into a frying pan of boiling lard. When nicely crisp, take up and place on kitchen paper. When drained from all fat, pile on a hot dish and sift a little crushed sugar over the fritters.

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WOMAN'S $4.50 to $10.00 TAILORED SUITS to order, from Cloths, Silks, and Mohairs, also **Skirts, Raincoats** and **Waists.** Write for free fashions, and samples. Southcott Suit Co., London, Can., Dept. 19.

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Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds,** to sell for us at 10c. a package. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Cottingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 418 Toronto.**

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Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any orignl lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

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GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Moco Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **401** Toronto.

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All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 50** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 401 Toronto, Ont.**

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And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Cavin, Metcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 482 **Toronto.**

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With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

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